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## A Deadlock of Death

Touching the treaty two more Hitchcocks are in the news.

The first is that the Democratic irrecconcilables, when the resolution to ratify the treaty with reservations comes up for final action, will vote against ratification. Inasmuch as a two-thirds vote is necessary to pass a ratifying resolution, and inasmuch as the Democratic irrecconcilables joined to the Republican irrecconcilables will doubtless be more than one-third of the Senate, this will mean the rejection of both the peace treaty proper and the covenant.

The second Hitchcockism is a declaration that the adoption of the preamble alone, which has already occurred, is a sufficient reason for voting against ratification.

Thus, unless there is a basic change of mind on the part of the President and his special supporters, the whole treaty is now as good as rejected. No wonder the faces of Senators Borah and Reed are wreathed in smiles. They have been frankly against the treaty from the beginning, and have struggled to defeat it. They behold a promise of success, and their joy is not lessened by the fact that the President in practical effect has come over to their position.

The theory that by rejecting the treaty a state of deadlock can be created and that the deadlock will be broken by conceding to the President rests on wavering foundations. If ratification is voted down once the action is practically certain to be final. Senator Lodge epitomized the situation when he said the other day that delay under such circumstances means death.

Only by a miracle could the President, after destroying his own work, piece it together again. Those opposed to ratification at all now number close to one-third of the Senate. If Senator Hitchcock is successful in carrying out the purpose he advocates the disgust engendered will bring new recruits to the anti-ratificationists.

It may be Senator Hitchcock is merely bluffing. He has so bluffed before. But manifestly the treaty is menaced as it never was menaced before, and menaced not by the opponents of the league of nations but by those who have pretended to be its friends. Most remarkable will it be if the final result is the spectacle of the President stinging to death a scheme on which, he has declared, rests the hope of the world.

## The Fiume Muddle

Little progress seems to be made toward the settlement of the Fiume question. D'Annunzio simply says, "Here I am, here I remain." It is a defiance which neither the Italian government nor the conference seems to be able to meet. For, while there is more than one conceivable way of dealing with the poet, none has yet been undertaken with a steady purpose and a clear perception. It would be much easier for statesmen if the world were governed by logic; but they have to make allowance for deep feelings, and in the case of Fiume such feelings are involved.

The way out of the difficulty is obviously one that must be found by compromise. That the Italian government recognizes this fact is indisputable. Hampered as it is by strength of popular sentiment in Italy on the subject, it has offered more than one conciliatory suggestion. Nothing softens Mr. Wilson's stern non possumus. The latest note of Mr. Lansing shows that his chief, whose views he is presumably expressing, is the immovable obstacle to a settlement; and no one in Paris apparently has either the disposition or the ability to oppose him openly. Yet few occurrences since the signing of the armistice have done more to discredit the principles of which he rates himself the chief exponent.

If the President were less obstinate, if he were willing to modify

his oracularity, doubtless the business could be settled speedily. But so far he has refused, and Italy, the partner in the war that risked so much, suffered so much, can hardly be asked to go to war against a man who combines in his spirit Garibaldi and Byron, and compel Italians to accept an alien domination. Even though indifferent to Italy's claims, he should at least be able to realize the injury being wrought to his own country. Various episodes have revealed clearly a growing antagonism to the United States on the part of a nation that was anxious for our aid and friendship. The President has deeply wounded Italian sensibilities, he has touched Italian patriotism on the raw—and all for what? This Fiume business has been a sorry mess for all the Allies, but for us sorriest of all.

## Unionists and Unionists

The compromise proposed for the settlement of the pressmen's strike included the item that the members of the local unions who went out on an unauthorized strike should be received back into full union fellowship; hence, be at liberty, having failed in their frontal attacks, to "bore" from within. To this President Berry of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union has replied:

"Under no conditions will the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union agree to the proposition of having the local unions in New York City offered by men who believe in direct action, who disregard contracts and who refuse arbitration as a means of adjusting industrial disputes. The only guarantee for stability of the industry for the future, as regards trade union principles and sanity in the printing industry, is for the men of the pressrooms to repudiate unqualifiedly the Bolshevik leadership responsible for this disastrous conflict in New York City."

Those are the words of a union man addressing other unions. It is worth while for those who are led into an extreme anti-union attitude to remember them. It is a mistake to assume that the noisy and hasty radical elements represent the majority of unionists. The sound men for the most part repudiate the contract breakers and the direct actionists, and stick by the time-tried principles and practices of sane unionism.

The integrity of contracts, the arbitration principle, government by law and not by force—these things are to the interest of labor—represent victories for the wage worker. If they are lost or weakened through pursuit of insensate folly, it will be necessary for other generations of wage workers to struggle to re-establish them.

## The Fifth Avenue Association

The Fifth Avenue Association, an organization that during the twelve years of its existence has done much to promote the interests of specially labors to safeguard, and by so doing has greatly served the city at large, purposes during this week to make an energetic drive to increase its membership.

The association, beginning with eighty members, has now nine hundred, but ten times nine hundred could not exhaust the number of those who share in the benefits it brings and who should be public-spirited enough to join themselves in its civic work.

The association is a type of organization of which there should be scores. The city, because of its size, suffers from the lack of a wholesome localism—a localism which increases, rather than diminishes, a wider civicism. The city as a whole has consciousness, and there is a measure of borough consciousness, but other than this there is little allegiance. A neighborhood spirit but faintly exists.

There is no means of publicity for local affairs, for the organs of publicity, for space reasons if no other, must concentrate their attention on subjects of general city interest. Acquaintanceship runs to those in similar lines of business or who possess similar tastes without regard to residence. Even the churches tend to be delocalized, and only the grammar schools bring together those dwelling in territorial propinquity. The political candidate, so great is the fluidity of the population, finds it difficult to get acquainted with his constituents.

So many things are neglected which are greatly in need of attention. Nuisances creep in, pavements are unrepaired, the city tends to melt into an amorphous mass because there is no local public opinion able to express itself. Only in the nick of time was Fifth Avenue saved from the common fate, and this largely through the Fifth Avenue Association.

It scarcely need be pointed out that proper emphasis on local interests is compatible with devotion to general interests. Bricks are not the enemies of the wall which is built of them. The Fifth Avenue Association, besides attending to its own affairs, called into being the

memorable "Avenue of the Allies" and raised in less than an hour at one of its luncheons \$52,000,000 for a Liberty loan. Public feeling is something that grows with exercise, and faithfulness to one stewardship leads to an enlarged sense of duty.

## A Police Mystery

Traffic Patrolman Thomas A. McKay, stationed for eight years at Broadway and Chambers Street, where he performed his work efficiently and became known to hundreds of motorists, has been transferred to patrol duty and assigned to the Liberty Avenue station, in Brownsville, by order of Commissioner Enright. No reason is given by the Commissioner. When the Commissioner demoted Daniel Costigan from inspector to captain and dissolved the vice squad he offered the tardy excuse that Costigan's record of arrests was poor, but he recanted when faced with figures that contradicted those he had given out. So this time there is cautiously no explanation.

The transfer of a policeman from the traffic squad to patrol duty is mere routine in police administration, but McKay's case stands out because he is a vice-president of the Traffic Squad Association and a delegate to the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association from Precinct A, and is said to have spoken favorably of Major La Guardia's candidacy for President of the Board of Aldermen. Major La Guardia during the campaign charged the Police Commissioner with wreaking vengeance on those whom he disfavored for personal or political reasons. If the Commissioner has used his power as a weapon upon McKay either because McKay was an advocate of a \$2,000 minimum pay for policemen or favorably inclined toward La Guardia, who frankly agreed with the policemen's and firemen's pay demands, the city has another deplorable example of a petty tyranny that menaces police morale and weakens lingering confidence in the conduct of the department.

Commissioner Enright, in the annual police report, wrote some pretty words of thanks to the Mayor about being permitted to run the department without interference. If the Mayor had no hand in the transfer of McKay, perhaps he will be willing to ask the Commissioner why this policeman was assigned to other duties and make public the reply. He need not fear the public may deem the matter too slight to be of interest.

## The Toll of Armageddon

A French Deputy, M. Louis Marin, has just made a report on the military casualties of the Great War. He puts the total of war deaths at 9,019,000. The statistical branch of the United States General Staff, in a report corrected up to May 31 last, gave the battle deaths as 7,450,000. M. Marin evidently includes those who died of wounds or in prison camps, or who were classified as missing and never accounted for.

For France the figures are now nearly complete. An official statement issued last summer carried a total of killed and missing of 1,355,500—16.2 per cent of the mobilization of 8,410,000. M. Marin's figure for these two classifications is 1,334,400. But since the armistice, he says, 28,600 men have died of wounds. M. Marin's percentage of the mobilization is 16.44. The French navy lost in killed and missing 10,525. France was the greatest sufferer among the Western Allies. Her loss in killed was only a little less than the combined losses of Great Britain and Italy.

Other belligerents, except Great Britain and the United States, have not published satisfactory statistics. Russian figures are still speculative. M. Marin credits Russia with only 1,290,000 killed (up to October, 1917). This is below other estimates. The United States General Staff tabulation charges Russia with 1,700,000 battle deaths.

As to Russia's own estimates they are of little value, for it is part of Bolshevik propaganda, to excuse Russia's abandonment of a common cause, to exaggerate Russian casualties. The lack of trustworthy information about Russian casualties makes comparisons between Entente and Teutonic losses largely guesswork. The General Staff statement puts the Allied deaths in battle at 4,700,000, against 2,750,000 for the Teutonic powers. But this is only a rough balance—probably minimizing Teutonic losses.

It will probably take several years to figure out the casualties of the Russians, Turks, Bulgarians, Serbians and Rumanians. But the estimated total of 9,000,000 deaths among the armed forces of the belligerents may never be materially reduced. It measures in a graphic way the record-breaking proportions of the world Armageddon.

## Tipping

(From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch) It is a costly distinction to get your name in the Waiter's Who's Who.



Everybody Wants His Own Bit of Meat From the Bottom

(The three wicked youngsters are Italy, Belgium and Rumania. The words on the pot, "Volken-Bond," mean League of Nations.)

## At the Storm Center

By Arthur S. Draper

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—Washington is living up to its reputation as a city of contrasts. War, the so-called great leveler, has apparently served only to emphasize the contrasts, to accentuate the differences, to increase the difficulties of compromise and cooperation.

At one end of Pennsylvania Avenue the chief legislators of the United States are locked in a prolonged struggle over the treaty which was designed to bring a lasting peace to the world. Violent, virulent speeches are so common that the correspondents in the press gallery show interest only when a vote is taken, or some Senator interrupts with a clever question to break the monotony of a long attack on the League of Nations or an equally long defense of the President's policy in Paris. The war ended quickly. The preliminaries to peace have grown as wearisome as the days of trench warfare.

At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, almost in the shadow of the White House, there is another struggle. Representatives of capital and labor and of the governments of twenty-old nations are meeting daily in the Pan-American Building to consider the clause of the League of Nations covenant which has to do with international labor legislation. Secretary Wilson presides, but America has no voting power. Until the fight on Capitol Hill is decided, until the treaty is ratified by the Senate, the American delegates have no more power in the international conference than a delegation from Iceland.

## The Senate Debates

There is a debate in the Senate on the labor provisions of the treaty. Senator Reed, supporting Senator La Follette's amendment to strike out those provisions, declares that a labor conference held in Switzerland during the war saved the seeds which brought forth the Russian revolution which brought America into the war which brought the United States into the present industrial predicament. Some of the men who attended that conference are now in the Pan-American Building, the Senator from Missouri declares. Only a dozen Senators sit through the speech, but when the hour for voting arrives forty-seven are present to register their opposition to the amendment and thirty-four to support Senator Reed. The majority is left unconvinced that "the scaly snake of socialism will twist itself around the columns of liberty."

## Labor Takes Note

Simultaneously the delegates are meeting in the Pan-American Building. What are they discussing? The merits and demerits of the forty-eight-hour week and the eight-hour day, the latter being the equivalent of a forty-four-hour week, as European labor demands a half holiday on Saturday. There I met Stuart Bunnings, the British delegate, representing the employees, to whom Clemenceau paid the high compliment of saying that he wished all the peace delegates had the ability of

## SPOILING THE SOUP

A Dutch View of the League of Nations

## Old Maids' Alley

By Emma Bugbee

A REGION of hurrying feminine figures with dictionaries under their arms, if it be 9 o'clock in the morning, and rolls and eggs in paper bags if it be 6 in the afternoon: a street where Ph. D.'s flourish no more abundantly than kitchenette and where men are as scarce as pounds of sugar in the corner store—this is Morningside Heights.

To be sure, an occasional masculine figure emerges from the subway at the solid hour of 6 o'clock at night—after the few college men are safely stowed away over their books and before the few newspaper men have begun their night's work—and scurries around the corner of the campus, looking askance at the white-buttoned freshmen and glaring at passersby with an eye which defies them to see in him any sign of the effete pedagogue.

For the greater part, however, it is a neighborhood of women, school teachers, college professors, widows who rent rooms to students and a little group of writers, actresses, doctors and social workers who could give Greenwich Village quite a run for its notoriety were it not for the fateful name of "Old Maids' Alley," which trailed its glory in the dust of decision before it was fairly unfurled. Many legends, of course, have sprung up about this section. One of them is too crude to be quite acceptable to erudite minds, but they tell it just the same. A letter was received at the New York Post-office bearing the "jocose inscription: "Miss Mary —, Old Maids' Row, New York." And the clerk, of course, without a moment's hesitation, picked up a pencil and wrote "Try 11th Street."

Of course, they were very sporting about it all, these dwellers in No Man's Land. They pretended to like the legends every time they heard them, but sometimes one doubted the sincerity of their laughter. A woman writer who moved away simply because she dared not confess to a publisher that she lived there cast a gloom over the most dauntless champions of the Adamless Eden.

Notice the past tense. They were very sporting about it. They are not sporting about it any more. They don't have to be. A change has come over the neighborhood, and—Yes, you've guessed it; it was woman suffrage that did it. Instead of being a total loss, politically speaking, they are now the very stronghold of the district. Where before there was but one sickly little election district, with a few half-hearted males crawling to the polls, now there are three flourishing election districts. It is a thickly populated section—if you suddenly begin to count women as population. Every hall-room has its tenant, and even the kitchens have the gas range and set tubs taken out and the scars covered with cretonne to make a habitation for one more impetuous candidate for a Master's degree, and for one more voter.

So they total up quite a few votes on Election Day, and the consciousness of the fact is written plainly on many formerly meek countenances. Not theirs to shirk their duty to the state; golf and duck shooting have no charms for them compared to the ecstasy that comes from painstakingly

## Let Us Be Thankful

(From The Kansas City Journal)

With the cost of living higher than ever and labor strikes multiplying in number, the country is preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving Day.

planting a precise cross in the centre of the square to the right of "the little bird," and then, with a pride which they try hard to keep from appearing as arrogance, handing the ballot to the clerk, who will never live down the fact that he was an anti. If there is a suggestion of a wink in the eye nearest the smiling young woman leader it is carefully concealed from the men folks. Rubbing it in is a sport forbidden to college professors.

One joy is theirs, however, in common with less learned sisters downtown. The election boards, with a fine sense of their responsibility to a gowned community, have tried hard to find suitable polling places, but in a neighborhood devoted almost entirely to higher education places of commerce are not abundant, and the college bootblack, although he does a big business, has not a spacious establishment. One polling place was in a seclude store devoted to such eminently decorous affairs as vacuum cleaners and art lamp shades. Another was in one of those antiseptic shacks that sit exclusively in the middle of the street, proclaiming their high mission to the state for blocks around. The third was in a barber shop, a plain, homely, unwomanly place, and on Election Day there might have been discerned apprehension in the face of the district captain as the first woman voter appeared. She wears bobbed hair and has done much post-graduate work. She surveyed the unstatesmanlike surroundings, then a delighted cry burst from her lips:

"I always did want to get inside a barber shop," she said.

## Ramshackle?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Some days ago The Tribune raised the question, "What is a foreigner?" To define the foreigner one must first define the American.

The men that made this country and set the standard of the native type, whose speech is the language of the country, whose ideals of law and government are "Americanism" (horrible word), were Anglo-Saxons.

The Declaration of Independence is signed with Anglo-Saxon names, and such are the names of all the Presidents but two. But Van Buren's and Roosevelt's blood was largely Anglo-Saxon, even if their names were Dutch. If this does not define the real American, what does?

Within the last fifty years "American" has come to mean any naturalized alien, and the offspring of these aliens born in this country are referred to as "native Americans." The status of these persons is that of citizens of the United States. They can no more be Americans than an Anglo-Saxon naturalized in Italy could be an Italian, or his children, born there, Italians. There are many races represented in this country whose race ideals will never harmonize with those of the Anglo-Saxons. They may be as good in their way, but they are necessarily unsympathetic. The thoughtless optimist says: "We will take what is best of every race and make perfection." There is nothing in that. A race is like an individual—all of a piece, faults and virtues together.

When you have given an Anglo-Saxon the Slav's mysticism and the Latin's enthusiasm he is simply a mongrel. The value of thoroughbredness in men and beasts is that they can be counted on for given qualities. The stigma of the yellow dog is that his varied strains have made him worthless in any capacity.

A great deal of false sentiment has been sopped over our polyglot A. E. F. It was a drafted army, like all the other armies, and any well drilled, well fed, well officered soldier will fight as well as another. Patriotism has little to do with it—at the time. There were Indians and Irish fighting enthusiastically for Great Britain who would cheerfully have blown up its government.

If the United States of America does not stand for Anglo-Saxonism, then it must be considered as a geographical term and its citizens, from Anglo-Saxons to Bolsheviks, all hyphenates.

Lloyd George once referred to the Austrian Empire as "ramshackle," well describing the eighteen languages and as many conflicting race consciousness within its boundaries. If our immigration laws are not changed so as to exclude undesirable aliens we are in a fair way to become—if we are not already—a ramshackle republic.

MARTIA LEONARD.

Mount Kisco, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1919.

## The Vanishing Gobbler

(From The Detroit Free Press)

Maybe there was a time when turkeys were plentiful at Thanksgiving, but that was long ago. Now the announcement that the birds are scarce and high comes as regularly and as inevitably as the President's proclamation. Somehow the farmers seem to have lost the knack of raising gobblers. Though grasshoppers and locusts were peculiarly plentiful throughout the summer, we have the glad announcement that this autumn the shortage will rival the sugar scarcity, about two-thirds of the barnyards being below normal in their supplies.

This will be hard on the general public, but good, perhaps, in individual cases. No turkeys will be eaten lightly or frivolously or thoughtlessly, no bones will be thrown away while there are still "pickings" on them. The man who can afford to buy a bird will know he has something to be thankful for.

## An Optimistic Professor

(From The Indianapolis News)

The Yale professor who believes a dollar is worth 35 cents is a true optimist.

## A Week of Verse

## Mirage

(From The New Statesman)

STRANGE fabled face! From sterile shore to shore  
O'er plunging seas, thick-sprayed with glistening brine,  
The voyagers of the World, with sail and heavy oar,  
Have sought thy shrine.  
Beauty inexorable hath led them on.  
Cold and remote, thy stars enclostering gleam  
Burn in thy flowered locks, though creeping daybreak wan  
Prove thee but dream.  
Noonday to night the enigma of thine eyes  
Frets with desire their travel-wearied brain,  
Till in the vast dark of the ice-white moon arise  
And pour their peace again;  
And with malign mirage uprears an isle  
Of fountain and palm, and courts of jasmine and rose,  
And music and craving of siren throats  
Their souls beguile,  
And maddening fragrance flows.

Lo, in the milken light, in tissue of gold,  
Thine apparition gathers in the air—  
Nay, but the seas are deep, and the round world old:  
And thou art named, Despair.  
WALTER DE LA MARE.

## Portraits

(From Poetry)

## BARN DANCE

HE HAD been happy thinking she might love him,  
And whistled at his plowing all the day;  
But now, while dancers stamped and scraped above him,  
On the barn floor, he lay below in silence  
Among the cattle on a pile of hay.

He had dressed quickly when his work was over,  
And watched the guests stroll towards him up the lane;  
But she came smiling with another lover:  
Hurt and ashamed, he stole off from the dancers,  
Like a whipped dog, to blubber out his pain.

He breathed more calmly, hearing the insistence  
Of horses munching fodder; and he grew  
Indifferent to the fiddles in the distance,  
To womankind and to his disappointment,  
Down here among the cattle that he knew.

## DANNY

You marched off southward with the fire of twenty,  
Proud of the uniform that you were wearing,  
The girls made love to you, and that was plenty;  
The drums were beating and the horns were blaring.

From town to town you fought, and bridge to bridge,  
Thinking: "So this is Life; so this is Real!"  
And when you swept up Missionary Ridge,  
Laughing at death, you were your own ideal.

But when you limped home, wounded and unsteady,  
You found the world was new to you; your clutch  
On life had slipped, and you were old already.  
So who can blame you if you drink too much,

Or boast about your pride when no one sees,  
Or mumble petulant inanities?  
MALCOLM COWLEY.

## A Salt Marsh

(From Common Sense, London)

GREY tides of wind move, moonless, earth and sky;  
On wide, clear wings the seagulls soar and flee;  
Waking at night, with melancholy cry  
The long slow slope of this forgotten sea.

The sunset dies, a shining singing line  
Behind the hills that glow with scattered light;  
Dusky and brown, a flash of ancient wine,  
The salt marsh slumbers, alien from delight.

The pale road changes, and the heaped clouds rise;  
What god forgotten, left it here alone  
Bare of desire, or smoke of sacrifice  
The witless grass and sand and ruined stone?

## M. R. A.

## Pins for Wings

(From Reddy's Mirror)

## EDWARD MARKHAM

HE HAS learned the art  
Of leaning on hoe  
Without soiling the beard.

## VACHEL LINDSAY

A street-cry  
In heaven.

## H. D.

The Winged Victory  
Hopping.

## ROBERT FROST

Paintings by the family  
In birch-bark frames.

## EMANUEL MORGAN.

[The poem by Marguerite Moors Marshall, "A Song of Loves Mortal," in last week's column, was reprinted from "Alas! the Magistrate,"—Ed.]